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MEN MONKEYS OF MALACCA:

Their Mode of Life, Habits, Customs, &c.

A correspondent writes from Singapore on an interesting account of the Jakkos, a barbarous people who inhabit the interior of Malacca. Their language and features are unlike those of the Malays proper, of whom they are also politically independent. They have no history, having been found by the early Portuguese voyagers in the country in which they still reside. They are called the Orang Benuar, or "men of the great country," the Orang-Hutang, or "men of the forests," the Orang-Batang, or "black men," the Jakcos and the Kalata. Orang is the Malay word for man; and Hutang or Hutang for forest, whence the word so common with us, Orang-Outang, or wild man, if men they may be called, when common opinion has assigned them a rank hardly above monkeys and baboons.

They generally live in houses built of bamboo staves, and suspended to the tops of lofty trees, to which they ascend by rude ladders. These cabins, suspended to the tree tops, are so narrow that a stranger cannot be admitted without annoyance to a member of the family, or his exclusion; for one must go down when a new one comes up. Others who have no ladders for these aerial abodes—such, not for birds, but for men—construct huts raised two or three feet above the ground. The first story serves for lodging where they eat and sleep, by the side of a fire always kept brightly burning in order to frighten away the tigers and other wild beasts which fill the forests. In the second story they put their arms for safety, their provisions and kitchen utensils, all of which are comprised in pikas, in earthen pots, and one or two great China bowls.

They eat whatever comes to hand, as wild boars, apes, or birds, which last are taken in snares or shot by arrows, and the roots and tubers which the earth produces in abundance. If they plant rice, it is only enough to meet their absolute wants. Instead of regular labor, they prefer the fatiguing adventures of the chase, and ranging among the woods. Their cuisine is of the lowest order, their favorite dish being slices of meat half cooked, and still reeking with blood.

Their weddings are preceded by a most singular and ludicrous ceremony. An old man presents the future husband and wife to a large assemblage of invited guests, whom he conducts, followed by their respective families, into a grand circle, around which the young lady, the bride, sets out running upon all fours, and the young man who is the bridegroom in the same style after her. If he succeeds in overtaking her she becomes his wife; if not, he forfeits all his rights, and "love's labor is lost." This often happens when the bridegroom fails of pleasing the young lady, who endeavors to escape from the embraces of a distasteful or odious husband by beating him in this queer trotting match.

Upon the death of one of their number they wrap his body in a white winding sheet, and then deposit it in a grave dug near his hut, sometimes in an erect position, sometimes sitting, and sometimes lying down. They are careful to put a lance at his side, a "parang," and a "sumptan," their instruments of hunting and of war. These weapons placed by the side of the corpse indicate a shadowy belief in a future existence.

Their religion is a confused mass of the grossest superstitions, propagated by the pagans, a kind of priests, who are half physicians and half jugglers. Their magical science is in great esteem with the Malays. The singular kind of life they lead, the peculiarity of their customs, and the long intervals of their appearance among the people, secure for them a certain prestige and respect. Seen from afar, and through a mysterious veil, they pass for beings endowed with superhuman power, to whom the plants and roots of the forests have revealed their most secret virtues. In a word, they are believed to hold in their hands the power of conferring health or inflicting death. In accordance with this belief, the Malays are careful not to provoke their ill-will.

Naturally, the Jakcos are of an open and ingenuous disposition, and without inclined to guile. To the appearance of timidity they join the independence of a life without control, spent in the midst of thick forests and everlasting verdure. Respectful, without being servile, in conversation they use an abrupt and violent tone of voice, which strongly contrasts with their habitual gentleness and modesty. They have strong liquors, and get intoxicated whenever they have an opportunity.

It is honorable to the zeal of the Catholic priests that they have a missionary, who, notwithstanding the low rank of these people in the scale of humanity, the wide territory over which they are scattered, and the thick forests which it is necessary to penetrate to reach them, and the absence of all roads, while ferocious wild beasts are thick at every step, is laboring among them, and makes his home with them.

Such are the people in whom originated the idea and the stories about the Orang-Outang—"the man of the forests."—*American Phrenological Journal.*

SEVENTEEN private soldiers of the French army in Bonaparte's time raised themselves by their bravery and talent to the following distinguished stations: Two became kings; two, princes; nine, dukes; two, field marshals; and two, generals.

WOUNDED.—There lately appeared among the inmates at the court in Brooklyn, N. Y., a soldier named John Hoffman, who had nine bullet wounds, five bowie-knife stabs, and three sabre cuts, all received in the present war. He was with the 13th New York volunteers, and claims to be as good as new.

LIBERTY.—The list of names of rebel prisoners paroled at Vicksburg filled a box about three feet in width and depth.

NICKNAMES.

BY THE DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

The two criticism with which I will conclude, is on the practice of using in general society unmeaning and ridiculous familiar nicknames or terms of endearment. A more offensive habit cannot be imagined, or one which more effectually tends to the degradation of those who indulge in it. I find myself, after the departure of the latter from the dining-room, sitting near to an agreeable and sensible man; I get into interesting conversation with him. We reach a corner in the drawing-room afterwards, and continue it. His age and experience make him a treasure-house of information, and his practical wisdom. Yet, as talk-trick men, infirmities begin to appear, and my respect for my friend undergoes a decided diminution. By-and-by a decided point is detected; and further on, it becomes evident that in the building up of his mental and personal fabric there is some where a loose stratum which will not hold under pressure. At last the servant brings to make those visits to the room, usually occurring about ten o'clock, which begin with gazing about, and result in a rush at some recognized object, with a comment from the coachman below. I am just doubting whether I have not about come to the end of my companion, when a shrill voice from the other side of the room calls out: "Sammy, love!" All is over. He has a wife who does not know better, and he has never taught her better. This is the worst. The skeleton in their cupboard is a child's rattle. A man may as well suck his thumb all his life, as talk, or allow to be talked to him, such drivelling nonsense. It must detract from manliness of character, and from proper self-respect; and is totally inconsistent with the good taste, and consideration, even in the least things, for the feelings of others, which are always present in power of good breeding and Christian courtesy. Never let the world look through thin chinks into the boudoir. Even there, if there be real good sense present, all that is childish and ridiculous will be banished; but at all events keep it from the world. It is easy for husband and wife, it is easy for brothers and sisters, to talk to one another as none else could talk, without a word of this minced-up English. One soft tone from lips on which dwells wisdom, is worth all the "lovelies" and "dearays" which become the unmeaning expletives of the vulgar.

And, as we have ventured to intrude into the boudoir, let us go one step farther, and peep into the nursery also. And here again I would say, never talk, never allow to be talked to, children, the contemptible nonsense which is so often the staple of nursery conversation. Never allow foolish and unmeaning nicknames to come into use in your family. We all feel, as we read of poor James I., with his "Steenie" for the Duke of Buckingham, and "Baby Charles" for his unfortunate son, that he cannot have been worthy to rule in England. We often find foolish names like these rooted in the practice of a family, and rendering grown-up men and women ridiculous in the eyes of strangers. And mind, in saying this, I have no wish to proscribe all abridgments or familiar forms of names, for our children, but only those which are unmeaning and absurd. I hold "Charley" to be perfectly legitimate: "Harry" is bound up with the glories of English history; Ned, Dick, and Tom, and Jack, and Jim, and Ben, though none of them half so nice as the names which they have superseded, are as firmly fixed in English practice and English play, ever to be banished. Kate is almost become a name of itself; few maidens can carry the weight of Eleanor, whereas there never was a lass whom Nelly did not become. The same might be said of Moll and Amelia, and of many others. But the case of every one of such recognized nicknames differs widely from that, where some infantine liping of a child's own name is adopted as the designation for life; or where a great ruffian with a bushy beard is called to hold his mamma's skin of wool by the astounding title of "Baby."

All perhaps do not know the story of the kind old gentleman and his carriage. He was riding at his ease one very hot day, when he saw a tired nurse-maid tottering along the footpath carrying a great heavy boy. His heart softened: he stopped his carriage, and offered her a seat: adding, however, this: "Mind," said he, "the moment you begin to talk any nonsense to that boy, you have my carriage!"

All went well for some minutes. The good woman was watchful, and bit her lip. But alas! we are all caught tripping some times. After a few hundred yards, and a little jogging of the boy on her knee, bent forth: "Georgy porgy I ride in coachy poncy!"

It was fatal. The check-string was pulled, the steps let down, and the nurse and boy consigned to the dusty footpath as before.

Such are the people in whom originated the idea and the stories about the Orang-Outang—"the man of the forests."—*American Phrenological Journal.*

LIBERTY.—The list of names of rebel prisoners paroled at Vicksburg filled a box about three feet in width and depth.

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SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

Women's Philadelphia Branch,
1807 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.

Sick and Wounded Soldiers.

We have received from an Associate Manager a letter so full of interest, that we cannot refrain from making a few quotations. To the untiring zeal of some of our Associate Managers we are largely indebted.

"I ought to write you a Report, but scarcely know how to find five minutes. I can certainly tell you that for the past four weeks there has been no lack of interest in the cause of the Union, or her sick and suffering soldiers. At the call of the Government and the voice of Providence, we sent out between 300 and 350 volunteers. We women prepared their outfit. Flannel shirts, socks and handkerchiefs were provided for every man. Closed stores, business everywhere suspended, sold of the public interest in State defense. Though our box, ready to send, was thus emptied for home use, we most frequently, making hospital shirts, do. We have sent four boxes the past fortnight—two of hospital delicacies and two of clothing. Besides these, a private box to Gettysburg, where Mrs. Harris is staying. What we can do is all too little for the brave men who have stood between us and our destruction. I believe that we all feel that it is the highest privilege to minister to them; and for my part, it is with the greatest difficulty I can feel any interest in other work; and we are learning how much less we can get along with as a family.

"Our friends here have suffered greatly in the Gettysburg battle. Among our losses there was one brave boy, who was 'the only son of his mother, and she a widow.' He was every inch a soldier and every inch a Christian. When first wounded in the arm, he refused to quit the field—then his horse was killed under him, and he fought on foot—he was wounded in the leg, and finally in the stomach, and fell to rise no more. We suffer with our friends, though our hearts grow stronger in the justice of our cause.—Has not God wonderfully appeared in our behalf? and though the heathen mob rage, and the people imagine a vain thing, the Lord says, 'Yet have I set my King upon the holy hill of Zion.' Jesus reigns, this iniquity shall not triumph. The riot in New York is only more bitter fruit from the same tree of rebellion against rightful authority. It is a birth-time for our country, and there are many pains to endure; but although our souls are often 'exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death,' we shall yet see the salvation of this people."

We often receive letters inquiring as to the best mode of packing pickles to send for the use of our soldiers. By far the best method is to put them in jars or firkins. The Soldiers' Aid Society of Montrose purchases a plan which is worthy of general adoption. They keep an open firkin or cask constantly on hand, into which they empty all their small contributions of pickles; the mixing of different kinds is a matter of small consequence. When the cask is full it is headed up, and forwarded to the Sanitary Commission.

We give a couple of good recipes:

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.
To 2 quarts of blackberry juice add a pound and a half of white sugar, half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of nutmeg, a quarter of an ounce of cloves, 1 ditto of allspice, boil all together for a short time, and when cold, add 1 pint of brandy or good Monongahela whiskey.

We are indebted to Miss B—, of Montrose, for the following:

Apple leather is made by preparing green apples as for stewing. Stew them a little while, adding sugar or not, according to taste. Then spread it out thin on tin, and place it in a slow oven to dry, occasionally turning it. A good article for alleviating thirst.

Our contributors will confer a great favor upon us, and do a matter of simple justice to themselves, by using especial care in marking their boxes. Our address should be legibly marked outside the box; also in one corner the name of the place from which it comes. Inside each box should be placed a written list of contents, headed by the name of the society or donor sending it. A duplicate list of contents of each box should always be forwarded by mail. Sometimes it is impossible to identify boxes, owing to a neglect of these simple precautions. This is equally annoying to our contributors and ourselves.

The following is a letter from the Agent of the Christian Commission to Dr. J. S. Newberry, Western Secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission:—

U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION,
BRANCH OFFICE,
NASHVILLE, TENN., July 23d, 1863.

Dr. J. S. Newberry, Secretary Western Department United States Sanitary Commission.
MY DEAR SIR—I desire on behalf of the Christian Commission to render grateful acknowledgments for the uniform generous and cordial co-operation of yourself and the agents of your Commission, in our work of bringing spiritual comfort and blessings to the soldiers. But for your assistance at the first, and its continuance all along, our work

would have been greatly impeded in the army of the Cumberland.
Also, in my recent trip to Vicksburg, in the service of the Christian Commission, I was, at all points, kindly received and materially aided by the Sanitary Commission.
My own feelings that the work of both Commissions, though wrought in different departments, should be mutually co-operative, were fully reciprocated by your agents at Cairo, Memphis, and on the Barge on Yazoo River.
My observation of your work on that Barge was very pleasant. I saw stores dispensed to needy applicants most freely and in surprising quantity and variety, and when I got back on the bank, where the sick and wounded were coming into the Division Hospital, I found bedding with your mark, and dried and canned fruit, and tinned chickens, which could have been furnished from no other source. I know that without the timely help of the Sanitary Commission, there would have been destruction and consequent suffering in many of these hospitals.
I want to bear testimony to the noble Christian philanthropy of the men in charge of your Commission in that Department. I am persuaded that they could not do that work from unworthy motives. Money cannot procure such services as you are rendering, for instance, from Dr. Warner at Vicksburg.
Every week's experience in my army work, bringing me among the camps and through the hospitals, and giving an opportunity, which I always improve, to look in at the different quarters of your Commission, leads me to a continually higher estimate of the work you have on hand. I am satisfied that your system of distributing hospital stores is the correct one. Such large contributions as the people are making, cannot be handed over to the army on any volunteer system, unless it be for a few days, amid the emergencies of a severe battle. A business involving such expenditures would be entrusted by a business man, only to permanent and responsible agents.
That among all your employees, there should be no unworthy man, is more than a reasonable mind can ask. The Christian Commission and the Christian Church would go down under that test.
Let me close this letter of thanks, my dear brother, with my daily prayer—a prayer which I learned in your 'Soldiers' Home,' in Louisville, and have often repeated since in the 'Soldiers' Rest,' at Memphis, on the 'Barge' in Yazoo River, in the Division Hospital under the guns of Vicksburg, in the Nashville 'Home' and Storehouse, and in the camps and hospitals at Murfreesboro'—a prayer fresh on my lips, as I have just come from seeing wounded and typhoid patients, at Tullahoma and Winchester, lifted from rough blankets, and undressed from the soiled clothes of march and battle, and laid in your clean sheets and shirts, upon your comfortable quilts and pillows, a prayer in which every Christian heart in the land will yet join; 'God bless the Sanitary Commission.'

Most cordially yours,
EDWARD P. SMITH,
Field Agent U. S. Christian Commission.

The following named articles are now urgently needed:
Shirts and drawers are always wanted. The material may now be light cotton, bleached or unbleached. Please have each garment washed and ironed before sending. Sheets, quilts, towels, handkerchiefs. There is now an urgent call for old cotton and linen pieces. Will you not look again through your store closets and give out all that have accumulated since our last call? It is a humble demand to make upon you, but all important to the wounded man. Pieces of any size and shape will do, only let them be clean, soft and smooth. Please gather up and send us immediately all that you can.
Palm leaf fans, books and late pamphlets. Vegetables, butter, eggs, pickles and dried fruits, are the most needed articles for sending to hospitals at this time. All articles of diet, for the sick, are welcome at our rooms.
Please remember the sick soldier when you are putting up fruits for family use. A few cans of fruit, or a package of dried fruit from each housewife would keep our hospitals well supplied with delicacies so welcome to the feeble appetite of the convalescent soldier. Domestic wines and cordials, raspberry and currant shrub, tamarind water and other cooling drinks are very grateful to the hospital patient.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION AT FORT WAGNER.

We find the following in the Port Royal Free South of the 25th inst.:—
"The officers of the United States Sanitary Commission have won for themselves a splendid reputation in this department. They have by their discretion and zeal saved many valuable lives. Under the guns of Wagner, in the hottest of the fire, their trained corps picked up and carried off the wounded almost as they fell. As many of our men were struck while ascending the parapet and then rolled into the moat, which at high tide contains six feet of water, they must inevitably have perished had they been suffered to remain. But the men who were detailed for service with Dr. Marsh went about their work with intrepidity and coolness worthy of all praise. The skill and experience of the members of the Commission has, since the battle, been unremittingly employed to render comfortable the sick and wounded."

DONATIONS.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1807 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:
1 pkg. Christ Church, Phila., July 17th.
5 pkgs. Ladies of Roxborough St. Timothy's Church, Mrs. D. R. King, July 17th.
3 pkgs. Ladies' Aid, Roxborough, Mrs. A. L. Jones, July 17th.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Millintown, Mrs. M. W. Abraham.
Omissions from previous lists.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
1 box, Junior Army Aid Society, Norristown, Montgomery county.
2 boxes, Soldiers' Aid, Wrightstown, Bucks county.
1 box, Ladies' Soldiers' Relief March Club, Carbon county.
3 boxes, 1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Hartford, Susquehanna county.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid Society, Strasburg, Monroe county.

1 pkg. Four Little girls (Mary, Annie, Lizzie and Carrie).
1 pkg. Mrs. Haverling.
1 pkg. Mrs. Smith.
1 pkg. Holy Trinity Aid.
1 pkg. Ladies' Auxiliary, St. Mark's Lutheran Church.
1 box, St. Clair, Schuylkill county.
1 box, Union Relief Society, Norristown.
1 barrel, unknown.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
3 barrels, No. 36 and 37 Reg. 55 Soldiers' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna county.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Ashburn, Schuylkill county.
1 box, a friend of the editor.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Chatham Valley, Tioga county.
1 box, Aid Society, Chatham.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Burlington, N. J.
1 pkg. Miss Hannah Harp, 1107 Chestnut St.
1 pkg. Mrs. Susan Barker.
2 boxes, Ladies' Soldiers' Aid, Carbonade.
2 boxes, Aid Society, Lebanon.
1 box, Colerbrookdale Works.
1 box, Montrose, Susquehanna county.
1 box, No. 6, Soldiers' Aid, Mansfield, Tioga county.
1 pkg. Christ Church, Phila.
1 pkg. Wm. Hamilton, of Franklin Institute, Phila.
1 barrel, Aid Society, Little Meadows, Susquehanna county.
1 barrel, Soldiers' Aid, Altoona, Blair county.
3 pkgs. St. Paul's Church, Chestnut Hill.
1 box, Raspberry vineyard, unknown.
1 box, Ladies' Aid, Millintown, N. J.
1 box, Montrose, Susquehanna county.
1 barrel, Ladies' Aid, Artichoke, Bucks co.
1 box, Soldiers' Aid, Snyder county.
1 box, Relief Circle, Chatham, Tioga co.
1 box, Lutheran Church, Manayunk.
2 boxes, Northumberland.
1 pkg. Mrs. Geo. T. Lewis.
1 pkg. N. W. Soldiers' Aid Society.
1 pkg. Mrs. H. H. Haverling.
1 pkg. Auxiliary Aid, St. Luke's Church, Phila.
3 pkgs. School Lane Circle, Mrs. Warner Johnson.
1 pkg. Women's Contributing Aid, Moyamensing.
1 box, Mrs. A. A. C. and friend, Danville, Pa.
1 can, Aid Society, Lebanon.

"Good Liquor" at Troy.—In a suit recently brought before a Justice's Court in Troy, involving the matter of liquor, the defendant put in the following plea:
"And the defendant further answering, says, that the liquor, plaintiff seeks to recover for, was nothing more than twenty-two cent whiskey, colored with logwood, tan-bark, tincture of bedbugs, old boot-legs, and coppers; that he sold this vile stuff at retail to his customers; so that they died—to his damage two hundred dollars."

It is said that one of our young women, whose betrothed lover is in the army, went almost to convulsions at his perjury, on hearing of his having an engagement in Mississippi.

FORGETTING HIS ERRAND.—A person came to Mr. Langdon, of Sheffield, one day, and said: "I have something against you, and I come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, sir," he replied; "you are my best friend. If I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me, I should be sure to prosper. But, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said: "Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what you have against me."

"Oh," said the man, "I don't know what it is; it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

ARMY MOVEMENTS.—The "changes of base" of the "Army of the Potomac" and of the rebel "Army of Virginia," during the past two years, remind one of the Southern campaign of 1791, as described in a song which was popular at the close of the Revolutionary war:

"Cornwallis led a country dance,
The like was never seen, sir;
Much retrograde, and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.
They rambled up and rambled down,
Joined hands, and off they ran, sir;
Our General Greene to old Charlestown,
And the Earl to Wilmington, sir."

SOMETHING TO START WITH.—A lady teacher of the slaves at Beaufort, S. C., tells the following little story:—"An old African, eighty years old, was among her most assiduous and earnest pupils. She said to him one day: 'Uncle, what is there in your trying to learn to read at your age? You can't have much more time to stay in this world.' 'Wall, Missis,' replied he, 'I will be so much care gain to gib me a start in de nex world.'"

To his legs—his two oldest and best friends—was dedicated "An Ode," written by a Professor of the college at Edinburgh, when eighty years of age. In this ode, the veteran renewed his adhesion to his tried friends, and declared his intention to stick to them as long as they would stick to him!

Over 1,900 tons of iron, in the shape of shot and shells, were fired into Vicksburg during the siege.

Fox gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor;
But glory is the soldier's prize;
The soldier's wealth his honor;
The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember he's his country's stay,
In the day and hour of danger.

Short dresses are said to be coming into fashion, and next winter nothing else will be seen in the grand salons of Paris—Tails is sensible.

"Your wife's fat, but she's not handsome, Smith." "Well, Jones, that's expressing your opinion plump and plain, say-ho." "You're right, Smith, that's exactly my notion, she's very plump and very plain."

THE HABILIMENTS OF GRIEF.

From a Commercial Point of View.

On the occasion of a recent visit to London, whilst I was debating with myself over the breakfast things as to how I should spend the day, I received by the post a letter deeply bordered with black, evidently a messenger of affliction. I tore the white wrapping willow upon a black background which framed the device upon the seal, and read the contents. It proved to be an intimation from a relative of the sudden death of my brother-in-law, and a request that, under the circumstances of the sudden movement of the widow, I should undertake certain and commissions relative to the articles of mourning required by the family.

I at once set out upon my errand. I had no difficulty in finding the widow's dwelling to which I had been referred. It met me in the sad habiliments of woe; no vulgar colors glared from the shop windows, no gilding assuaged with its festive brightness. The name of the firm scarce presumed to make itself seen in letters of the added gray upon a black ground. Here and there bands of white set off the general gloom of the houses front, like the crane piping of a widow's cap. The very metal window frames and plates had gone into a decorous mourning—since taking the place of what we feel, under the circumstances, would have been quite out of character—brass.

On my pushing the plate glass door, I gave way with a hushed and muffled sound, and I was met by a gentleman of ad and expression, who, in the most sympathetic voice, inquired the nature of my want, and, on my explaining myself, directed me to the Inconceivable Grief Department. The interior of the establishment answered exactly to the appearance without. The long passage I had to traverse was panelled in white black borderings, like so many mourning cards placed on end; and I was rapidly becoming impressed with the deep solemnity of the place, when I caught sight of a new little figure rolling up some ribbon, who, on my inquiring if I had arrived at the Inconceivable Grief Department, replied almost in a tone of gaiety, that that was the half-mourning counter, and that I must proceed further on until I had passed the repository for widow's silk. Following her directions, I at last reached my destination—a large room draped in black, with a hushed atmosphere about it as though somebody was lying invisibly there in state.

An attendant in sable habiliments, picked out with the inevitable white tie, and with an undertakerish eye and manner, awaited my commands. I produced my written directions. Scanning it critically, he said: "Permit me to inquire, sir, if it is a deceased partner?"

I nodded assent.

"We take the liberty of asking this distressing question," he continued, "as we are extremely anxious to keep up the character of our establishment by matching, as it were, the exact shade of affliction. Our paramatta and crapes give satisfaction to the deepest woe. Permit me to show you a new texture of surprising beauty and elegance, manufactured specially for this house, and which we call the *inconceivable*. Quite a novelty in the trade, I do assure you, sir."

With this he placed a pasteboard box before me full of mourning fabrics.

"Is this it?" I inquired, lifting a lugubrious piece of drapery.

"Oh, no," he replied; "the one you have in your hand was manufactured for last year's affliction, and was termed, 'The Stunning Blow Shade.' It makes up well, however, with our sudden bereavement silk—a leading article—and our distraction trimmings."

"I fear," said I, "my commission says nothing about these novelties."

"Ladies in the country," he blandly replied, "don't know of the perfection to which the art of mourning genteelly has been brought! But I will see that your commission is attended to to the letter." Giving another glance over the list, he observed, "Oh! I perceive a widow's cap is mentioned here. I must trouble you, sir, to proceed to the Weeds Department for that article—the first turning to the left."

Proceeding, as directed, I came to a recess fitted up with a solid phalanx of widow's caps. I perceived at a glance that they exhausted the whole gamut of grief, from the deepest shade to that tone which is expressive of a pleasing melancholy. The foremost row confronted me with the sad liveries of crapon folds, whilst those behind gradually faded off into light, ethereal tulle, and one or two of the outsiders were even breaking out into worldly features and flaunting weepers. Forgetting the proprieties of the moment, I inquired of the grave attendant if one of the latter would be suitable.

"Oh! no, sir," she replied, with a slight shade of severity in the tone of her voice; "you may gradually work up to that in a year or two. But any of these"—pointing to the first row of widow's weeds—"are suitable for the first burst of grief."

Aquiescing in the propriety of this all-ding scale of sorrow, I selected some weeds expressive of the deepest dejection I could find, and, having completed my commission, inquired where I could procure for myself some lavender gloves.

"Oh! for those things, sir," she said, in the voice of Tragedy speaking to Comedy,

THE HABILIMENTS OF GRIEF.

From a Commercial Point of View.

"You must turn to your right, and you will come to the Complimentary Mourning counter."

Turning to the right accordingly, I was surprised, and not a little shocked, to find myself among worldly colors. Tender lavender, I had expected; but violet, mauve, and even absolute red, stared me in the face. Thinking I had made a mistake, I was about to retire, when a young lady, in a cheerful tone of voice, inquired if I wanted anything in her department.

"I was looking for the Complimentary Mourning counter," I replied, "for some gloves; but I fear I am wrong."

"You are quite right, sir," she observed. "This is it." She saw my eye glance at the cheerful colored alfin, and with the instinctive tact of a woman guessed my thoughts in a moment.

"Leave, sir, is very appropriate for the lighter sorrows."

"But absolute red!" I retorted, pointing to some velvet of that color.

"Is quite admissible when you mourn the departure of a distant relative. But allow me to show you some gloves!" and, cutting the tulle to the wrist, she lifted the cover from a beautiful glove box, and displayed a perfect picture of delicate half-tones, indicative of a struggle between the cheerful and the sad.

"There is a pleasing melancholy in this shade of gray," she remarked, indicating slightly each outer knuckle with the soft elastic kid she measured my hand.

"Can you find lavender?"

"Oh, yes! but the sorrow that is very slight in that; however, it wears admirably."

Thus, by degrees, the grief of the establishment died out in tenderest lavender, and I took my departure deeply impressed with the charming improvements which Fashion taste has effected in the plain, old-fashioned style of English mourning.

THE MODERN ULYSSES.

BY E. H. JAMESON.

Ulysses of old,
In story we're told,
Was a handsome young hero, exceedingly bold,
Who entered a cave, so brave and defiant,
And poked out the eye of a terrible giant.

'Twas a beautiful trick,
And accomplished so quick,
That all the old Cyclops thought him "a
brick."

His boldness and dash so excited their wonder,
That the pilfering fellows were obliged to knock under.

So our Ulysses,
Who never missees,
Walked up to Treason's yawning abysses,
And ere the monster had time to fly out,
With a dexterous blow he punches his eye out.

And still undaunted,
Ulysses wanted
The chivalrous Cyclops' city—"twas granted.
Their power was gone, they couldn't defend her,
And so the poor giants had to surrender.

In future story,
When deeds of glory
Are told of war so dreadful and gory—
Let it be recorded when Treason is dead,
"Ulysses made a hole through his head."

PATHOTIC.—A street conversation overheard by our reporter:—
D— "Good-morning, G—. Ready for the draft?"
G— "Ready! If my distracted country needs me—if she requires the sacrifice of my life—if the tottering edifice of our glorious Union needs to be cemented with my heart's blood—if it is necessary for her preservation that she strides onward to victory over my dead body, then, sir, the victim is ready! With a heart prepared for any fate, and with a firm trust in Divine Providence, I shall, with a lively feeling of doing my duty, and nothing but my duty, march boldly on—to the Collector's office, and pay my three hundred dollars."—Haverhill Gazette.

AN ARAB CUSTOM.—Above all, success, glory, and plunder, await the *goum* (party) that, when starting on an expedition, is met by a beautiful young and noble maiden, who will uncover her bosom and show one of her breasts. It is the custom; and if the damsel were to refuse this blessing to the warriors of her tribe, they would dismount to compel her, were she the daughter of the chief and though she were herself at the head of the *goum*—all the better, indeed, if her birth were so exalted, for the nobler the damsel, the happier the *sugury*.—The *Hermes of the Sahara*.

A DISCOVERY.—A discovery, it is said, has been made in Russia, whereby the mercury used in the manufacture of looking-glasses may be so hardened as to bid defiance to humidity, friction, or blows. The plate-glass thus prepared may be transported without fear of damage; and the silveting being accomplished by a cheaper process than any yet known, the glass is ten or twenty per cent. cheaper than at present.

What sort of a table to they keep at your boarding-house?" said Jim to his chum, Dick. "What sort of a table, Jim? why, unpala-table."

LATEST NEWS.

WASHINGTON, August 14.—Johnson received from the Army of the Potomac news that is so cheering, in the relative status of the two armies, as far as can be at present ascertained; but there are some indications that the rebels are about to attempt a flank movement on our left.

A brig which arrived at New Orleans on the 16th, reports that on the 7th of August she had heard heavy fighting going on near East of Hatteras. It is reported to have been an engagement between two fleets.

Cotton, commanding a fleet of gunboats, recently visited at Providence, R. I., and 1000, by Col. Caldwell, of the 1st Maine Cavalry.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 14.—A special train from St. Paul, Minn., arrived here to-day, bringing with them the remains of a lady. Our loss was only a woman, but she had been driven from her home.

A PARADOX.
"Too much thinking has caused me pain;
I'll never work at a glass again.
He kept his word and never lied,
And yet by drinking wine he died.
"How did he do it?" Only think!
Why, he died like you when he took a drink."

THE HARTFORD COURANT has a subscriber who has taken that paper for fifty-four years. He is twenty-two years old, and probably will never die, so long as he continues to pay for his paper regularly. Go down and do likewise.

Some people are always boasting themselves of their own labors and successes, but the spade that bears the heaviest burden seldom cracks.

A writer thus estimates the expenses of a five-months' visit to the Old World:—A first class passage from America to Liverpool, costs \$60; the passage back by the same line, \$70; travelling and board in England and France, \$118.45; the tour on the Continent, \$103.12; food and fuel, \$10.00; laundry, \$15.45; then making the total amount of \$400 for five months.

A company of young ladies lately discussed this question:—"What is the great duty of man?" One of them, dressed in a mode from head to foot, contended that it was to pay dry goods bills. This was agreed to without a dissenting voice.

The great law of nature, "Eat and be eaten." The sparrow-eater swallows the worm, the hawk swallows the sparrow-eater; the hawk pounces on the chicken, the eagle on the hawk, the sportsman on the eagle; rogues feed on honest men, pettifoggers on rogues, and Satan on pettifoggers. Quar arrangement, this.

"Ma," said a five-year-old young lady to her mother, the other day, "do they make men the same as they do stockings?" "How absurd you are, Jane—of course not."

"Then what made you say this morning, ma, that Major Spanker was a remarkably well knit man?"

Steam was, till the other day, a devil that we dreaded. Every pot made by human potter or brewer had a hole in its cover to let off the enemy. But the Marquis of Worcester, Watt and Fulton, both thought themselves that where power was not devil, but God; that it must be availed of, and not by any means let off and wasted.

The English do not like our Navy's plan of sinking blockade runners. It shocks their notions of humanity! Blowing sepoys from the muzzles of cannon does not.

The difference between rising at 5 and 7 o'clock in the morning, for the space of 40 years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same time at night, is nearly equivalent to the addition of 10 years to a man's life. Provided a man does not die any sooner for depriving himself of necessary sleep, or by spending his extra time in smoking and drinking.

Geologists who are familiar with the ideas of geological phenomena worked out through periods of inconceivable duration will, perhaps, be able to appreciate Mr. E. B. Hunt's argument on the growth and chronology of the great Florida reef. After stating the dimensions of the reef, Mr. Hunt proceeds: "Taking the rate at twenty-four years to the foot, we shall have for the total time 24 X 350 X 900, on the data as stated; or, we find the total period of 3,400,000 years as that required for the growth of the entire coral limestone formation of Florida."

Sir James Graham's father was full of anecdotes of that sociable divine, Archdeacon Paley, and loved to tell how some one, praising the conjugal peace enjoyed by a gentleman in the neighborhood, who had not had even an argument with his wife for more than thirty years, appealed to Paley whether it were not admirable as a domestic example. "No doubt," said the doctor, "it was verily praiseworthy, but it must have been *verra* doo."

The Phenological Journal says the organs of the brain conform to the pressure of the spirit, mind or opinions we may entertain. The organs grow by what we feed upon. Let a person be kept in anger much of the time, and more blood will be sent to combativeness, destructiveness, &c. Thus it is that our opinions or state of mind affect our bodies, brains, and features.

A little girl of three years was saying her prayers not long since, when her little brother, about four years old, came slyly behind and pulled her hair. Without moving her head she paused, and said: "Please, Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Herby."

THE MONKTON STORY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Monkton's fight had ended at night;
We saved a life that day—
From Mayfield, our Mayfield,
We buried their souls of gray.

Unhappily I stood from field of blood,
When evening's dream-bell rang;
But in my side a form of pride
No longer smothered and sung.

The patient heart to whom no part
In fate of danger was,
Who sought the death like father life,
Who loved the battle's rest;

No longer spring our ranks among
With countless eyes and toes,
Killing in each with fiery speech,
A sunhood like his own.

At burst of morn, all pierced and torn
By murderous steel and shell,
Death pale but warm, we found the form
Of him we loved to well.

All pallid now the grand white brow,
The gray cheek's rosy dye;
But faded still the passion will
From the undimmed eye.

"Comrades," he said, "this night the dead
Their ranks shall form with me;
Above this sphere, in heights more clear,
We'll form our company.

"Who fall in strife, their country's life,
Freedom and Man to save,
Such spirits high can never die,
Nor rest within the grave.

"Then move ye not their glorious lot
Who, losing all, all find;
I rather move their fate forlorn,
We leave this day behind.

"Ah, these we leave! what souls will grieve
This hour's red record o'er—
What anxious state, what quaking hearts,
When a knock comes at the door!

"My father! tell him that I fall,
As he would wish me die,
My wounds in front, in the battle's brunt,
With my face turned to the sky.

"My mother! say—all gently, pray;
Some cords are hard to untwine—
That I bless her now for her loving brow,
And her patience half divine.

"If now I stand with Death's cold hand
In mine, and feel no fear,
It is that he has made me free
Who made a mother's tear.

"One message more—comrade, bend lower;
It is not shame, but pride—
This very year, at Christmas dear,
I should have claimed a bride.

"And on my breast, in golden nest,
All radiant you may see,
The sunny hair of one who ne'er
Thought might but good of me.

"Tell her we part, oh, faithful heart,
A few short years—no more;
Her victory won, her voyage done,
I'll meet her on the shore.

"Upon my breast that golden nest
Leave with its sunny hair,
Purchase it will wear this mangled form,
Shed out from light and air.

"Mother! home! heaven! Hark—I come!"
The gallant soul had fled.
Our colors proud made sitting around—
The blue and white and red!

We dug his grave as suits the brave,
Beneath the battle's sod;
But well I know his soul did go
That moment straight to God.

H. P.

ELANOR'S VICTORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD,"
"LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LAUNCELOT'S COUNSELLOR.

Mr. Darrell, and his friend the commercial traveller, did not linger long at the garden gate. There was nothing very cordial or conciliatory in Gilbert Monckton's manner, and he had evidently no wish to cultivate any intimate relations with Monsieur Victor Bourdon.

Nor was Launcelot Darrell by any means anxious that his companion should be invited to stop at Tollidale. He had brought the Frenchman to the Priory, but he had only done so because Monsieur Bourdon was one of those pertinacious gentlemen not easily to be shaken off by the victim who are so unfortunate as to have fallen into their power.

"Well," said the artist, as the two men walked away from the Priory in the murky dusk, "what do you think of her?"

"Of which her? Of her future, or the other?"

"What do you think of Mrs. Monckton? I don't want your opinion of my future wife, thank you."

Monsieur Bourdon looked at his companion with a smile that was half a sneer.

"No is supposed, this dear Monsieur Launcelot," he said. "You ask of me what I

think of Mrs. Monckton," he continued in English; "shall I tell you what I think without reserve?"

"Yes, of course."

"I think then that she is a woman of a thousand—in all that there is of resolution—in all that there is of impulse—in all that there is of daring—a woman unapproachable, unsurpassable; beautiful to dream the angels! If in the little business that we came to talk about lately, this woman is to be in the way; I say to you, my friend, beware! If there is to be any contact between you and her, beware!"

"Pray don't go into heroics, Bourdon," answered Launcelot Darrell, with evident displeasure. "Vanity was one of the artist's strongest vices; and he writhed at the notion of being considered inferior to any one, above all, to a woman. 'I knew Mrs. Monckton, and I knew that she was a clever, high-spirited girl, before to-day. I don't want you to tell me that. As to any contact between her and me, there's no chance of that arising. She doesn't stand in my way.'"

"And you refuse to tell your devoted friend the name of the person who does stand in your way?" murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in his most insinuating tones.

"Because that information cannot be of the least consequence to my devoted friend," answered Launcelot Darrell, coolly. "If my devoted friend has helped me, he will expect to be paid for his help, I dare say."

"But, certainly!" cried the Frenchman, with an air of candor; "you will recompense me for my services if we are successful; and above all for the suggestion which first put into your head the idea—"

"The suggestion which prompted me to the commission of a—"

"Hush, my friend, even the trees in this wood may have ears."

"Yes, Bourdon," continued Launcelot, bitterly, "I have good reason to thank you, and to reward you. From the hour in which we first met, until now, you have contrived to do me some noble services."

Monsieur Bourdon laughed a dry, mocking laugh, which had something of the diabolically grotesque in its sound.

"Ah, what a noble creation of the poet's mind is Faust!" he exclaimed; "that excellent, that amiable hero; who would never, of his own will, do any harm; but who is always led into the commission of all manner of wickedness by Mephistopheles. And then, when this noble but unhappy man is steeped to the very lips in sin, he can turn upon that wicked counsellor and say, 'Demon, it is for your pleasure these crimes have been committed!' Of course he forgets, this impulsive Faust, that it was he, and not Mephistopheles, who was in love with poor Gretchen!"

"Don't be a fool, Bourdon," muttered the artist, impatiently. "You know what I mean. When I started in life I was too proud to commit a dishonorable action. It is you, and such as you, who have made me what I am."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Frenchman, snapping his fingers with a gesture of unutterable contempt. "You asked me just now to spare you my heroics; I say the same thing now to you. Do not let us talk to each other like the personages of a drama at the Ambigu. It is your necessities that have made you what you are, and that will keep you what you are so long as they exist and are strong enough to push you to disagreeable courses. Who says it is pleasant to go out of the straight line? Not I, Monsieur Launcelot! Believe me, it is more pleasant, as well as more proper, to be virtuous than to be wicked. Give me an annuity of a few thousand francs, and I will be the most honorable of men. You are afraid of the work that lies before you, because it is difficult, because it is dangerous; but not because it is dishonorable. Let us speak frankly, and call things by their right names. You want to inherit this old man's fortune."

"Yes," answered Launcelot Darrell. "I have been taught from my babyhood to expect it. I have a right to expect it."

"Precisely; and you don't want this other person, whose name you won't tell me, to get it."

"No."

"Very well, then. Do not let us have any further dispute about the matter. Do not abuse poor Mephistopheles because he has shown the desire to help you to gain your own ends; and has already by decision and promptitude of action achieved that which you would never have effected by yourself alone. Tell Mephistopheles to go about his business, and he will go. But he will not stay to be made a—what you call—an animal which is torn out into the wilderness with other people's sins upon his shoulders?—a scapegoat, or a pawn-stake, which pull hot chestnuts from the fire, and burn her fingers in the interests of her friend. The chestnuts, in this case, here, are very hot, my friend; but I risk to burn my fingers with the shells in the hope of sharing the inside of the nut."

"I never meant to make a scapegoat of you, nor a cat's-paw," said Launcelot Darrell, with some alarm in his tone. "I didn't mean to offend you, Bourdon. You're a very good fellow in your way, I know; and, if your notions are a little loose upon some subjects, why, as you say, a man's necessities are apt to get the upper hand of his principles. If Maurice de Crespiigny has chosen to make an iniquitous will, to the ruin of his

son, that, and the like, is the business of an old man's will; the consequences of his iniquity must rest on his head, not on mine."

"Most assuredly," cried the Frenchman, "that argument is not to be answered. Be happy, my friend, we will bring about a posthumous adjustment of the old man's errors. The wrong done by this deluded testator shall be repaired before his ashes are carried to their resting-place. Have no fear, my friend; all is prepared, as you know, and let the time come when it may, we are ready to act."

Launcelot Darrell gave a long sigh, a fearful, disconcerted inspiration, that was expressive of utter weariness. This young man had in the course of his life committed many questionable and dishonorable actions—but he had always done each wrong as it were under protest, and with the air of a victim, who is innocently disposed, but too easily persuaded, and who reluctantly suffers himself to be led away by the councils of evil-minded wretches.

So now he had the air of yielding to the subtle arguments of his friend, the agent for patent mustard.

The two men walked on in silence for some little time. They had left the wood long ago, and were in a broad lane that led towards Haslewood. Launcelot Darrell strolled silently along with his head bent and his black eyebrows contracted. His companion's manner had his usual dapper air; but every now and then the Frenchman's sharp greenish blue eyes glanced from the pathway before him to the gloomy face of the artist.

"There is one thing that I forgot, in speaking of Mrs. Monckton," Monsieur Bourdon said, presently; "and that is that I fancy I have seen her somewhere before."

"Oh, I can account for that," Launcelot Darrell answered, carelessly. "I was inclined to think the same thing myself when I first saw her. She is like George Vane's daughter."

"George Vane's daughter?"

"Yes, the girl we saw on the Boulevard upon the night—"

The young man stopped abruptly, and gave another of those fearful sighs by which he made a kind of sullen statement for the errors of his life.

"I do not remember the daughter of George Vane," murmured the Frenchman, reflectively. "I know that there was a young girl with that wearisome old Englishman—a sort of overgrown child, with bright yellow hair and big eyes; an overgrown child who was not easily to be shaken off; but I remember no more. Yet I think I have seen this Mrs. Monckton before to-day."

"Because I tell you Eleanor Monckton is like that girl. I saw the likeness when I first came home, though I only caught one glimpse of the face of George Vane's daughter on the Boulevard that night. And, if I had not had reason for thinking otherwise, I should have been almost inclined to believe that the old schemer's daughter had come to Haslewood to plot against my interests."

"I do not understand."

"You remember George Vane's talk about his friend's promise, and the fortune that he was to inherit?"

"Yes, perfectly. We used to laugh at the poor, hopeful old man."

"You used to wonder why I took such an interest in the poor old fellow's talk—Heaven knows I never wished him ill, much less meant him any harm."

"Except so far as getting hold of his money," murmured Monsieur Bourdon, in an undertone.

The young man turned impatiently upon his companion.

"Why do you delight in raking up unpleasant memories?" he said, in a half-savage, half-peevish tone. "George Vane was only one amongst many others."

"Most certainly! Amongst a great many others."

"And if I happened to play *ecarte* better than most of the men we knew—"

"To say nothing of that pretty little trick with an extra king in the lining of your coat sleeve, which I taught you, my friend—But about George Vane, about the friend of George Vane, about the promise—"

"George Vane's friend is my great-uncle, Maurice de Crespiigny; and the promise was made when the two were young men at Oxford."

"And the promise was—"

"A romantic, boyish business, worthy of the *Minerva Press*. If either of the two friends died unmarried, he was to leave all his possessions to the other."

"Supposing the other to survive him. But Monsieur de Crespiigny cannot leave his money to the dead. George Vane is dead. You need no longer fear him."

"No, I have no reason to fear him."

"But of whom then have you fear?"

Launcelot Darrell shook his head.

"Never you mind that, Bourdon," he said. "You're a very clever fellow, and a very good-natured fellow, when you please. But it's sometimes safest to keep one's own secrets. You know what we talked about yesterday. Unless I take your advice I'm a ruined man."

"But you will take it? Having gone so far, and taken so much trouble, and confided so much in strangers, you will surely not recede?" said Monsieur Bourdon, in his most insinuating tones.

"If my great-uncle is dying, the crisis has come, and I must decide, one way or the other," answered Launcelot Darrell, slowly, in a thick voice that was strange to him. "I—I—can't see this. Bourdon. I think I must take your advice."

"I know that you would take it, my friend," the commercial traveller returned, quietly.

The two men turned out of the lane and climbed a rough stile leading into a meadow that lay between them and Haslewood. The lights burned brightly in the lower windows of Mrs. Darrell's house, and the clock of the village church slowly struck six as Launcelot and his companion crossed the meadow.

A dark figure was dimly visible, standing at a low wicket-gate that opened from the meadow into the Haslewood shrubbery.

"There's my mother," muttered Launcelot, "watching for me at the gate. She's heard the news, perhaps. Poor soul, if I didn't care about the fortune for my own sake, I should fear her. I think a disappointed man would almost kill her."

Again a coward's argument—another loophole by means of which Launcelot Darrell tried to creep out of the responsibility of his own act, and to make another, in a manner, accountable for his sin.

CHAPTER XL.

RESOLVED.

Eleanor Monckton walked slowly back to the house, by the side of her husband, whose eyes never left his wife's face during that short walk between the garden-gate and the long French window by which the two girls had left the drawing-room. Even in the dusk, Gilbert Monckton could see that his wife's face was unusually pale.

She spoke to him as they entered the drawing-room, laying her hand upon his arm as she addressed him, and looking earnestly at him in the red firelight.

"Is Mr. de Crespiigny really dying, Gilbert?" she asked.

"I fear that, from what the medical men say, there is very little doubt about it. The old man is going fast."

Eleanor paused for a few moments, with her head bent and her face hidden from her husband.

Then, suddenly looking up, she spoke to him again; this time with intense earnestness.

"Gilbert, I want to see Mr. de Crespiigny before he dies; I want to see him alone—I must see him!"

The lawyer stared at his wife in utter bewilderment. What in Heaven's name was the meaning of this sudden energy, this intense eagerness, which blanched the color in her cheeks, and held her breathless? Her friendly feeling for the invalid, her womanly pity for an old man's infirmities, could never have been powerful enough to cause such emotion.

"You want to see Maurice de Crespiigny, Eleanor?" repeated Mr. Monckton, in a tone of undisguised wonder. "But why do you want to see him?"

"I have something to tell him—something that he must know before he dies."

The lawyer started. A sudden light broke in upon his bewildered mind—a light that showed him the woman he loved in very odious colors.

"You want to tell him who you are?"

"To tell him who I am? Yes!" Eleanor answered, absently.

"But for what reason?"

Mrs. Monckton was silent for a moment, looking thoughtfully at her husband.

"My reason is a secret, Gilbert," she said. "I cannot even tell it to you—yet. But I hope to do so very, very soon. Perhaps to-night."

The lawyer bit his under lip, and walked away from his wife with a frown upon his face. He left Eleanor standing before the fireplace, and took two or three turns up and down the room, pacing backwards and forwards in moody silence.

Then, suddenly returning to her, he said, with an air of angry resolution that chilled her timid confidence in him, and cast her back upon herself, "Eleanor, there is something in all this that wounds me to the very quick. There is a mystery between us; a mystery that has lasted too long. Why did you stipulate that your maiden name should be kept a secret from Maurice de Crespiigny? Why have you paid him court ever since your coming to this place? And why, now that you hear of his approaching death, do you want to force yourself into his presence? Eleanor, Eleanor, there can be but one reason for all this, and that the most sordid, the most miserable and mercenary of reasons."

George Vane's daughter looked at her husband with a stare of blank dismay, as if she was trying, but trying in vain, to attach some meaning to his words.

"A sordid reason—a mercenary reason," she repeated slowly, in a half-whisper.

"Yes, Eleanor," answered Gilbert Monckton, passionately. "Why should you be different from the rest of the world? It has been my error, my mad delusion to think you so, as I once thought another woman who deceived me as God forbid you should ever deceive me. It has been my folly to trust and believe in you, forgetful of the past, false to the teaching of most bitter experience. I have been mistaken—once more—all the more egregiously, perhaps, because this time I thought I was so deliberate, so

deliberate. You are not different to the rest of the world. If other women are mercenary, you too are mercenary. You were not content with having married your inclination for the sake of making what the world calls an advantageous marriage. You were not satisfied with having won a wealthy husband, and you sought to inherit Maurice de Crespiigny's fortune."

Eleanor Monckton passed both her hands across her forehead, pushing back the loose masses of her hair, as if she would by that movement have cleared away some of the clouds that overshadowed her brain.

"I seek to inherit Mr. de Crespiigny's fortune," she murmured.

"Yes! Your father no doubt educated you in that idea. I have heard how obstinately he built upon the inheritance of his friend's wealth. He taught you to share his hopes; he bequeathed them to you as the only legacy he had to give."

"No!" cried Eleanor, suddenly; "the inheritance I received at my father's death was no inheritance of hope. Do not say any more to me, Mr. Monckton. It seems as if my brain had no power to bear all this to-night. If you can think these base things of me, I must be content to endure your bad opinion. I know that I have been very forgetful of you, very neglectful of you, since I have been your wife, and you have reason to think badly of me. But my mind has been so full of other things; so full that it has seemed to me as if all else in life—except those thoughts, that one hope—slipped by me like the events of a dream."

Gilbert Monckton looked half fearfully at his wife as she spoke. There was something in her manner that he had never seen before. He had seen her only when her feelings had been held in check by her utmost power of repression. That power was beginning to wear out now. The strain upon Eleanor's intellect had been too great, and her nerves were losing their power of tension.

"Do not say anything more to me," she cried, imploringly; "do not say anything more. It will soon be over now."

"What will soon be over, Eleanor?"

But Eleanor did not answer. She clasped her hands before her face; a half-stifled sob broke from her lips, and she rushed from the room before her husband could repeat his question.

Mr. Monckton looked after her with an expression of unmingled anguish on his face.

"How can I doubt the truth?" he thought; "her indignant repudiation of any design on Maurice de Crespiigny's fortune exonerates her at least from that charge. But her agitation, her tears, her confusion, all betray the truth. Her heart has never been mine. She married me with the determination to do her duty to me, and to be true to me. I believe that. Yes, in spite of all, I will believe that. But her love is Launcelot Darrell's. Her love, the one blessing I sought to win—the blessing which in my mad folly I was weak enough to hope for—has been given to Laura's betrothed husband. What could be plainer than the meaning of those last broken words she spoke just now: 'It will soon be over; it will soon be over'?"

What should she mean except that Launcelot Darrell's marriage and departure will put an end to the struggle of his life?"

Mingled with the bitterness of his grief, some feeling akin to pity had a place in Gilbert Monckton's heart.

He pitied her—yes, he pitied this girl whose life it had been his fate to overshadow. He had come between this bright young creature and the affection of her innocent girlhood, and, presenting himself before her in the hour of her desolation, had betrayed her into one of those mistakes which a life-time of honest devotion is not always able to repair.

"She consented to marry me on the impulse of the moment, clinging to me in her loneliness and helplessness, and blinded to the future by the sorrow of the present. It was an instinct of confidence and not love that drew her towards me; and now, now that there is no retreat—no drawing back—nothing but a long vista of dreary years to be spent with a man she does not love, this poor unhappy girl suffers an agony which can no longer be concealed, even from me."

Mr. Monckton paced up and down his spacious drawing-room, thinking of these things. Once he looked with a sad, bitter smile at the evidences of wealth that were so lavishly scattered about the handsome chamber. On every side those evidences met his eyes. The guide, upon which the freight gleamed, kindling the face of a martyr to supernatural glory, was worth a sum that would have been a fortune to poor man. Every here and there, half hidden among the larger modern pictures, lurked some tiny gem of Italian art, a few square inches of painted canvas worth half a hundred times its weight of unalloyed gold.

"If my wife were as frivolous as Laura," thought Mr. Monckton, "I could make her happy, perhaps. Fine dresses, and jewels, and pictures, and furniture, would be enough to make happiness for an empty-headed woman. If Eleanor had been influenced by mercenary feelings when she married me she would have surely made more use of my wealth; she would have paraded the jewellery I have given her, and made herself a lay figure for the display of milliner's work; at least while the novelty

of these position lasted. But she has been so faithful to a duty that she has given to her friend the same position."

The second dinner-bell rang while Gilbert Monckton was pacing the empty drawing-room, and he went straight to the dining-room in his frock-coat, and with no very great appetite for the dishes that were to be set before him.

Eleanor took her place at the top of the table. She wore a brown silk dress, a few shades darker than her suburban hair, and her white shoulders gleamed like ivory against the brown. She had bathed her head and face with cold water, and her rippling hair was still wet. She was very pale, very weary, but all traces of violent emotion had passed away, and there was a look of quiet resignation about her mouth.

Laura Mason came rustling and fluttering into the room, as Mr. and Mrs. Monckton took their places at the dinner-table.

"It's my Frock," said the young lady, "telling to a very elaborate toilette of those rose colored silk, bedimmed with innumerable yards of lace and ribbon."

"I thought you would like to see my new pink. Launcelot says the new pink is like strawberry-ice, but I like it. It's one of the dinner dresses in my trousseau, you know," she murmured, apologetically, to Mr. Monckton; "and I wanted to try the effect of it, though of course it's only to be worn at a party. The trimmings on the cross are beautifully; don't they, Eleanor?"

It was fortunate, perhaps, on this occasion at least, that Miss Mason possessed the faculty of keeping up a kind of conventional monologue, for otherwise there must have been a very dreary silence at the dinner-table upon this particular evening.

Gilbert Monckton never spoke except when the business of the meal compelled him to do so. But there was a certain hardness of tone in the very few words he had occasion to address to his wife which was utterly different to his manner before dinner. It was never Mr. Monckton's habit to sit long over the dismal expanse of a desert-table; but to-night, when the clock had been removed and the two women left the room, he followed them without any delay whatever.

Eleanor seated herself in a low chair by the fire-place. She had looked at her watch twice during dinner, and now her eyes were dazed almost involuntarily to the dial of the clock upon the chimney-piece.

Her husband crossed the room and knelt for a few moments over the chair.

"I am sorry for what I said this afternoon, Eleanor," he murmured in a low voice; "can you forgive me?"

His wife lifted her eyes to his face. Those luminous gray eyes had a look of mournful sweetness in them.

"Forgive you?" exclaimed Eleanor, "it is you who have so much to forgive. But I will alone—I will alone—after to-night."

She said these last words almost in a whisper, rather as if she had been speaking to herself than to her husband; but Gilbert Monckton heard those whispered syllables, and drew his own conclusions from them. Unhappily every word that Mrs. Monckton uttered tended to confirm her husband's doubts and to increase his wretchedness.

He seated himself in a reading-chair upon the opposite side of the hearth, and, drawing a lamp close to his elbow, buried himself, or appeared to bury himself, in his newspaper.

But every now and then the upper margin of the "Times," or the "Post," or the "Athenaeum," or the "Saturday," or whatever journal the lawyer happened to be perusing—and he took up one after the other with a fretful restlessness that betokened a mind ill at ease—dropped a little lower than the level of the reader's eyes, and Mr. Monckton looked across the edge of the paper at his wife.

Almost every time he did so he found that Eleanor's eyes were fixed upon the clock.

The discovery of this fact speedily became a torture to him. He followed his wife's eyes to the slowly moving hands upon the enameled dial. He watched the minute-hand as it glided from one figure to another, marking intervals of five minutes that seemed like five hours. Even when he tried to read, the loud ticking of the wretched time-piece came between him and the pages of the paper upon which his eyes were fixed, and the monotonous sound seemed to deafen and bewilder him.

Eleanor sat quite still in her low easy-chair. Scraps of fancy-work and open books lay upon the table beside her, but she made no effort to beguile the evening by any feminine occupation. Laura Mason, restless for want of employment and companionship, fluttered about the room like some discontented butterfly, stopping every now and then before a looking-glass, to contemplate some newly discovered defect in the elegant costume which she called her "pink;" but Eleanor took no notice whatever of her murmured exclamations and appeals for sympathy.

"I don't know what's come to you, Nelly, since your marriage," the young lady cried at last, after vainly trying to draw Mrs. Monckton's attention to the manifold beauties of gauze puffs and flowing streamers of ribbon; "you don't seem to take any interest in life. You're quite a different girl to what you were at Haslewood—before Launcelot came home."

Mr. Monckton, however, was not so easily won. He sat in his chair, looking at his wife, and she at her friend, and the three of them, each in their own way, were waiting for the crisis.

"I am thinking," said the young lady, "of the time when you were at Haslewood—before Launcelot came home."

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"I am thinking," said the young

five minutes after the stable-clock struck ten, the great door of Tolldale Priory was opened by a cautious hand, and Mrs. Monkton stole out of her house with a woollen cloak wrapped about her, and her head almost buried in the hood belonging to the thick winter garment. She closed the door softly, and then, without stopping to look behind her, hurried down the broad stone steps, across the courtyard, along the gravelled garden pathway, out by the narrow wooden door in the wall, and away into the dreary darkness of the wood that lay between the Priory grounds and the dwelling-place of Maurice de Crespiigny.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WONDERFUL USES OF CLAY.

From the natural destruction of granite, under certain circumstances, are produced the finest clays for the manufacture of porcelain; and from the decomposition either of basalts or lava the finest and richest soils are often obtained. Pumice, as well as lava, is a modification of clay. Even some precious stones, in addition to the ruby and sapphire, belong to our vulgar clays; for the garnet and carbuncle are silicates of alumina and lime; emeralds are silicates of alumina, combined with a rare earth called *glucina*, and beryl is a mere modification of emerald. A vast variety of comparatively rare minerals have also a similar composition, including all those common in volcanic districts, all volcanic ashes and minerals thrown out during eruptions, and those also which are afterwards found in the clefts and cavities of the hardened masses. Wonderfully varied, then, are the forms and uses of clay, and the natural combinations of mineral substances of which clay is an essential part. The solid foundations of the earth, or at least all those most solid masses seen near the surface, are in a great measure due to it. Huge mountain masses, covered or flanked with thick envelopes of limestone, are often, to a depth quite unknown, made up almost exclusively of minerals and rocks of similar origin. They put on various shapes, and are known by many names. Our streets are paved with them, and some of the most enduring monuments of all ages are chiselled out of them when they have become crystallized into granites and porphyries. Our houses are roofed and partly furnished with them, and our shoobolys write upon them. Our jewellers work them up into ornaments for the person, as garnets and emeralds, beryls and carbuncles. The real ultimate difference in composition in the case of all these minerals is wonderfully small, while the appearance and all the essential characteristics are as distinct as can well be imagined.

"I shall lose half the pleasure of going home, if you don't go with me, Gracie. Besides, my cousin John King is coming from Philadelphia, to spend Christmas week at our house, and you must come and help me entertain him. Say 'yes,' please," and my pretty room-mate, Marian Willard, put her arm coaxingly about my waist.

It would have been hard for me to decline this invitation given in such winning fashion, but I only answered with a spice of mischief.

"A brilliant, social man like Mr. King will hardly need two of us to entertain him."

"You know him, then?" eagerly.

"I had that pleasure, some two years ago."

"What did you think of him, Grace?"

Her earnestness checked the light reply that rose to my lips, and I spoke more sincerely than I often feel called upon to do when discussing the merits of fashionable young men.

"What do I think of him? Why that he is an honorable man, and to my mind a very handsome and attractive one," noting the blush and smile of pleasure that flashed into the face of my listener. It was now my turn to question.

"Is he in the army, Marian?"

"No. He wanted to go, but he was shot through the left arm about a year ago, and as never recovered the right use of it since."

On New Year's day I was to resume my old place in the private counting-room of Howard & Co. Not because it was necessary for me to do so. Having graduated from the best school in the state it would have been very easy for me to obtain employment better suited to the taste of most women than book-keeping; but to my way of thinking it was clearly the duty of every woman to do all in her power toward filling the places of those men who had left all to go to their country's defense. So when Howard & Co. wrote me that the gentlemen who had been in their employ for the past year was now in the army, I felt that I could serve my country much better by taking his place and performing the work of an accountant than I could possibly do in teaching little children their A, B, C's or interesting young ladies in the mysteries of music, French and crocheting. Besides, my salary would enable me to do something directly for the soldiers by contributing to the Sanitary Fund. True, not one of all those thousands of brave men knew or cared for me—there was a little bitterness in this thought sometimes—not one in the world to whom I was nearest and best. But nearly all of them perhaps were dear to the heart of some woman as husband, lover, brother or son, and every day almost a cry came up from military hospitals for supplies for the sick and wounded. Here was work for head and heart and hands, and I resolved to do more in the good cause than I had ever done before.

Something of these experiences in the past, and plans for the future I had confided to Marian, but not much—it was not in my nature to be very communicative in regard to my private affairs with any one.

"Oh, Fredrick, my brother, have you come back at last?"

His arms closed round her in a close embrace, and I walked away, feeling that I had no right to witness that meeting. Mr. King followed. He was only a little less excited than the two who had just met so happily. After procuring a comfortable place for me, and seating himself beside me, he commenced.

"I always knew that my uncle was mentioned in his remonstrances, but how he can hold out against Fred in the way he does is more than I can imagine."

"I felt that it would be hardly honorable for me to listen to anything on this subject, and so got off of it as soon as possible by asking a question which any stranger might put with perfect propriety."

"To what regiment does Captain Willard belong?"

"The—4th Pennsylvania. A good regiment, and there isn't a better man in it," said his friend, enthusiastically.

"If I remember rightly that regiment was at the battle of Antietam."

"It was. And in the seven days fighting before Richmond. It was at Malvern Hill that Fred got the scar you may have noticed on his forehead. I happened to be in Washington when he was brought into the hospital there, dangerously wounded. He suffered terribly, and at last the surgeon said there was no hope. We all thought he must die. He thought so too, and got me to write a letter for him to his father asking forgiveness for all that he had ever said or done to offend him, and begging him to come at once and bring Maria—he wanted to see them both once more before he died. But my uncle never came—never wrote me to say whether he forgave his boy or not. Maria never saw that letter I am confident."

"She would have waded through fire to reach her brother if she had known that he was wounded. I think the hope of seeing her kept him up, and at last the fever seemed to take a favorable turn, and he got better; usually got well. He is on his way now to rejoin his regiment. It seems hard that he should be so near home without going there, just at Christmas time, too."

"I had been so deeply interested in this brief story that I did not hear Maria's step behind me. She laid her hand on my shoulder, saying, with a ripple of happiness in her voice that it made me glad to hear, 'Gracie, I want you to shake hands with my brother and be his friend as you have been mine. Will you?'"

I looked up at the two standing there beside me. They were very much alike, this brother and sister. The same serious brown eyes and smooth forehead; the same complexion of free, but his was brown and bearded

"Who is that man? What does this mean?" he inquired, hotly, of John King.

"That man is your son, Captain Frederic Willard," was the grave reply.

The host died out instantly.

"Is that true?" in a tone strikingly at variance with the hearty, pantomimic accents of a moment before.

"Yes, uncle, it is true. You must excuse me for a few hours. Fred leaves at twelve o'clock, and I must stay and see him off."

"Certainly, certainly, sir," said the old man, stiffly; and offering me his arm, he led the way to a sleigh near by.

"Recollect, John, that we shall expect you to dinner without fail," was his parting charge to the young man, who had folded the robes carefully about Marian, and now stood back from the curbstone to see us part.

"I shall certainly come."

That ride to Mr. Willard's home was a very silent one. I believe we were all thinking of the young soldier who was to leave at twelve o'clock, and so did not care to talk. At the threshold Marian turned and bade me welcome, and Mr. Willard's manner was cordial and almost natural as he repeated the welcome.

The chamber into which Marian ushered me was a large apartment on the second floor—her own room, which I must share with her while I stayed. A pleasant room, luxuriously with soft carpets, elegant pictures, richly canopied bed, and every accessory of the toilet. The western windows commanded an extensive view of cultivated grounds, grand old forest trees, and wide fields stretching far away into the country—all belonging to the Willard estate. And yet my heart ached for the young mistress of this elegant home, the prospective heiress of these broad lands.

Divesting ourselves of fire and heavy wrappings, we sat down together before the cheerful fire. I don't think that Marian saw anything cheerful in it, as she looked into its glowing heart with a weary, hopeless expression that it was painful to see.

"You think it very strange, don't you, Grace, that I have never told you about my brother," she said, presently. "It looks as if I had very little confidence in my best friend."

"If I thought and felt like that, I should not deserve the name you have given me," I replied.

"You don't know how often I have wanted to tell you the whole story, but regard for my father kept me silent. I knew you could never think of him as well again if you knew all, and for that reason I felt that it was hardly right for me to tell you; but it is different now."

"But that, of course, was impossible."
"He should be obliged to fight with all kinds of people," he said, and to be in places quite unfit for a thick girl to go. He would write to me though, and tell me how he was getting along, and what chance he had. I must do the same, but never let father see any of the letters, or even know that I corresponded with him. If anything should happen that I did not see him for him for a long time, I must not get discouraged and think that he had forgotten me; he should remember me and write to me now and then, and when he became a man, and able to have a home of his own, we could live together again."
"Then he missed me good-bye and I never touched after him till a year or so later, till his first view. Then, that was never far from him till I started the morning of the winter. He always remembered me and he told he would, and how without regret."
"He was wounded in the fight at Marston Hill, and lay in the hospital at Washington a long time. He was very low, and when the surgeon said there was no hope for him, he sent a letter to father, telling his distresses, and begging us both to come and see him before he died. But father did not answer the letter, and I never knew till to-day that it was written—never knew how soon with my brother had come, till he himself told me this morning."
"If he had died—" she stopped. "Thank God he did not."
There was a knock at the door: a servant with a message from Mr. Willard.
"When Miss Marian is rested, her father would like to see her in the library."
"Tell him I will come immediately."
After she had gone I lay down upon a lounge, and presently fell asleep. When I awoke, the tiny clock on the mantel was striking twelve. The fire still burned dimly in the grate, and broad patches of sunlight fell warm and golden on the crimson rows of the carpet. While I was wondering what could possibly detain Marian so long, she came in, walked straight up to the lounge on which I was lying, and knelt down beside it.
"Grace, my father has been to the depot to see Frederic, and everything has been explained and forgiven. Oh! Grace, how I have wronged my father. He never realized that letter—knew no more about it than I did. They are all down in the parlor now: father and John and Frederic; and this is going to be such a blessed Christmas day after all." And it was. I think the angels smiled approval when those two, so bitterly at variance, so long estranged, once more clasped hands in love and peace: a scene that should never again be shared by

pondered. Really and truly, that is, as I

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From the natural destruction of granite under certain circumstances, are produced the finest clays for the manufacture of porcelain; and from the decomposition either of basalts or lava the finest and richest soils are often obtained. Pumice, as well as lava, is a modification of clay. Even some precious stones, in addition to the ruby and sapphire, belong to our vulgar clays; for the garnet and carbuncle are silicates of alumina and lime; emeralds are silicates of alumina, combined with a rare earth called berylline, and beryl is a mere modification of emerald. A vast variety of comparatively rare minerals have also a similar composition, including all those common in volcanic districts, all volcanic ashes and minerals thrown out during eruptions, and those also which are afterwards found in the clefts and cavities of the hardened masses. Wonderfully varied, then, are the forms and uses of clay, and the natural combinations of mineral substances of which clay is an essential part. The solid foundations of the earth, or at least all those most solid masses seen near the surface, are in a great measure due to the huge mountain masses, covered or flanked with thick envelopes of limestone, or even, to a depth quite unknown, made up almost exclusively of minerals and rocks of similar origin. They put on various shapes, and are known by many names. Our streets are paved with them, and some of the most enduring monuments of all ages are hewn out of them when they have become crystallized into granites and porphyries. Our houses are roofed and partly furnished with them, and our shooboyls write on them. Our jewellers work them up into ornaments for the person, as garnets and emeralds, beryls and carbuncles. The only ultimate difference in composition in the case of all these minerals is wonderfully small, while the appearance and all the essential characteristics are as distinct as can well be imagined.

The next morning dawned bright and

"Can you venture to accept me as a friend on this little lady's recommendation, Miss Madison?"

I remembered what John King had just said of him: "Not a better man in the regiment."

"The testimony of two credible witnesses ought certainly to be believed, so I think I may venture," I replied jestingly; then, more seriously, as I offered my hand, "I am a friend to *every* man who has done his

"If mother had lived, I don't think this trouble would have come on us all."

From how many, many aching hearts has that cry gone up, "If mother had lived."

"She was so good that no one could have any serious disagreement in her presence; but after she died, matters grew worse and worse till at last it was dreadful. People who know father now, would never imagine that a quick, high temper he had in those days. He never reproved or punished me, but almost every day something that Frederick said or did displeased him, and then he would get in a passion and say things that he must have been sorry for afterward. They

Far down the street a regimental band is playing "Home again." Eight hundred feet keep step to the music—tired, wayworn but,

"Bringing soldiers home."

From house and workshop, from lane and alley and street, friends are hurrying to meet and welcome them. Fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, wives and children crowd up to the ranks as they move slowly along. There are kisses and eager greetings—some blanched and sorrowful faces, for this regiment went out once

Perhaps I owed as far to the other two

id, ushering in another anniversary of that day, when more than eighteen hundred years ago, the sinless babe of Bethlehem first looked with the eyes of humanity on the world He had come to redeem. I wondered if Marian was thinking of that as she listened with a far-off look in her eyes to the deep roll of an organ and a chant of human voices swelling out clear and solemn and sweet on the still, frosty air from a Catholic church near by. It ceased presently, and we went down to the sleigh in waiting to take us to the station.

It was still early morning when our driver drew up at the depot. Two men were waiting, arm in arm, up and down the long platform outside. One of them I recognized instantly as John King; the other, a fine-looking man in military can and overcoat, was

He took my hand in both his, as he had one his sister's a little while before. "Thank you for that." The glance which accompanied the words brought a glow to my cheek, but it was not more eloquent than the radiant one with which Marian assented me.

The bell rang and all hurried on board the cars. Mr. King kept his place beside us, thus leaving the brother and sister free to enjoy each other's society for the little time that remained to them. Two hours passed quickly away, and we were in Chambersburg.

The first person my eyes fell upon was old Mr. Willard who had come with a sleigh to meet his daughter. I think we all discovered him at the same moment, but no one spoke of it. Marian's hand trembled

"One day an accident to one of the horses, caused a storm more violent than usual. The careless remark of Frederic's made matters worse, and in his fury my father denied the light walking stick he always carried and struck him across the face. Frederic was a big boy, sixteen years old, and the servants standing by saw all."

Marian was crying now as she walked excitedly up and down the room.

"I screamed, for I thought my brother was nearly killed. On one cheek, where the rat had fallen heaviest, it had cut a deep groove, and the blood was running down his face."

Marian stands on the steps beside me waving her handkerchief as the soiled and shot-torn flag goes by, while Mr. Willard and John King lift their hats with more deference than either would show to an emperor.

A friendly voice calls out from the street—"The — is just behind. Captain Willard will be here in ten minutes." "Thank God!"

It was Mr. Willard who said that. A mist came before my eyes. The banners, the music, the joyful throng mingled indistinctly together, and I heard nothing more till Francis's voice sounded in my ear:

"Grace, my darling, have you no welcome for me?"

Thank God! that my soldier has returned!

As a mother, I lived on mother's milk.

As they turned in their walk, Mr. King recognized his cousin, and came forward immediately with a bright smile and gay greeting.

He paused a moment after helping us down the sleigh.

"Young ladies, may I introduce an old friend of mine to you?"

"Certainly," said Marian.

He turned to me. "You have no objection, Miss Madison?"

"None, whatever. Present him by all means."

He turned to his companion of a moment before, who came gravely up to where we stood. "Miss Madison, allow me to present Captain Willard."

she adjusted her veil—I knew that she was wondering in what spirit the two so long estranged would meet.

Her brother assisted her from the platform. Mr. Willard came to receive her, and the father and son stood face to face. They looked keenly at each other, and bowed courteously, as strangers whom some trifling circumstance had brought for a moment together.

If there was any bitterness in the thought that he was so completely an alien from the home of his childhood, that his own father had ceased to remember him, Captain Willard did not betray it. The cool face told no tales, the steady voice did not falter even when he kissed Marian, saying fervently, "God bless you, my darling. Good-bye."

Father lifted his hand a second time, but
 "Don't dare to strike me again."
 "He had been roused into resistance at
 at. I think my father saw this, and re-
 able to undo. He did not reply to the
 stance by word or motion."
 "Frederic walked away, and father went
 to the house, commanding me to follow
 and go up stairs. I obeyed, but after a
 while, when he had retired to his own room,
 went out into the garden to hunt for my
 mother. I found him in one of the summer
 houses. He had been waiting for me, he
 said; he knew I would come for him. We
 went together to a pleasant place which
 had been reserved for my special pleas-

THE WORLD FAILING AT LAST.—Campbell, the author of the "Pleasures of Hope," his old age, wrote: "I am alone in the world. My wife and the child of my hopes are dead; my surviving child is consigned to a living tomb; my old friends, brothers, sisters, are dead, all but one, and she, too, is dying: my last hopes are blighted. As for me, it is a bubble that must soon burst. I have learned for others, shared with others, it is sweet; but at my age, to my own solitary experience, it is bitter. Left in my chamber alone by myself, is it wonderful if philosophy at times takes flight; that I rush into company; resort to that which amuses, but heals no pang; and then, sick of

another time I hired as waiting maid a fashionable young lady, who kindly gave me permission to employ my leisure in reading such books as I chose to select from her father's library. This rare privilege, of which I eagerly availed myself, was the source of much more pleasure and profit than the golden half eagle which I received every month for my services, or even the kind words of my pretty mistress. But this good fortune could not last forever. Miss Ingersoll married and

Chapman Williams lifted his cap in grace-
courtesy, and then Mr. King introduced
him in due form to Marian. It was a little
strange that their names should be precisely
alike, still more strange to see Marian stand-
ing silent and pale before this man, while
the dark eyes searched his face with a hu-
man, intent expression, as if her very life
depended upon their testimony. He waited
a while for her to speak—seeing that she did not,
took her hand in both his, saying, "Little
girl, don't you know me?"

"You have promised me your friendship," said Madison. "I shall try hard to live worthy both of your generous confidence and Maria's love."

He touched his lips lightly to my fingers as he relinquished them.

All this passed so quickly that when Mr. Willard recovered from the amazement into which he had been thrown at seeing a strange young man embracing his daughter, he supposed, *as I have now seen*

me. There was the swing he had put up
for me, the pretty garden-seat he had made,
a grout he had built; on every hand
me token of the tender care of this one,
early loved, almost idolized brother. He
dove in the rustic chair and drew me to
his knee.

"And then he told me that he was going
away; 'so far, if he could, that he should
never see his father again.' I begged him
to take me with him—I should die if I had
to leave there without him.

MORE FRENCH SYMPATHY FOR SEASH-
SH.—The Empress Eugenie's golden hair
 having begun to turn silvery, the Court hair-
 dresser in trying to restore the original color,
 has made it a reddish brown. *Argo*, the Em-
 press is a *Copperhead*, like her interesting
 husband. Probably it is a judgment on the
 part of the French people.

NOT A COURT OF LAW

was on the field, attached to a volunteer regiment. During that time we marched many hundreds of miles. The marches on the Peninsula were so severe that the men stripped themselves of almost everything, even to their coats; and yet I never saw a Testament thrown away. I have searched frequently in hopes of picking up one as a relic, but I have never found one."

sale of about 150 hhds in lots, at \$30 for No. 1, including cost of a favorite brand at \$25 ton. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

ESWAG is quiet and quoted at \$3@35c

WAL—Orders come in slowly, and with moderate receipts and stocks for the season, the market is dull and unsettled.

OFFER—The market is firm, and the sales limited to a few small lots, mostly Rio, in the range of \$26@32c, and Java \$23@24c, and 4 mos.

OFFER—There is nothing doing in Sheath-

Alabama	1 dia.	Mississippi	3 dia.
Alaska	44 prom.	Montana	2 dia.
Arizona	1 dia.	New Brunswick	23 prom.
Arkansas	par.	New Hampshire	1 dia.
California	1 dia.	New Jersey	par to 1 dia.
Colorado	1 dia.	New York City	1 dia.
Connecticut	1 dia.	New York State	1 dia.
Delaware	1 dia.	North Carolina	1 dia.
District of Columbia	1 dia.	Ohio	1 dia.
Florida	1 dia.	Pennsylvania	17 prom.
Georgia	1 dia.	Rhode Island	1 dia.
Hawaii	1 dia.	Texas	1 dia.
Idaho	1 dia.	Vermont	1 dia.
Illinois	1 dia.	Virginia	20 dia.
Indiana	1 dia.	Washington	1 dia.
Iowa	1 dia.	West Virginia	1 dia.
Kansas	1 dia.	Wisconsin	1 dia.
Kentucky	1 dia.	Wyoming	1 dia.
Louisiana	10 dia.		
Maine	1 dia.		
Maryland	1 dia.		
Massachusetts	1 dia.		
Michigan	1 dia.		
Minnesota	1 dia.		
Missouri	1 dia.		
Montana	2 dia.		
Nebraska	1 dia.		
Nevada	1 dia.		
New Hampshire	1 dia.		
New Jersey	par to 1 dia.		
New Mexico	1 dia.		
New York City	1 dia.		
New York State	1 dia.		
North Carolina	1 dia.		
Ohio	1 dia.		
Oklahoma	1 dia.		
Oregon	1 dia.		
Pennsylvania	17 prom.		
Rhode Island	1 dia.		
Texas	1 dia.		
Vermont	1 dia.		
Virginia	20 dia.		
Washington	1 dia.		
West Virginia	1 dia.		
Wisconsin	1 dia.		
Wyoming	1 dia.		

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Wit and Humor.

A MADMAN'S HINT.

An English gentleman of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in tubs of cold water—these slightly affected, up to the knees; others, whose cases were graver, up to the middle; while persons very seriously ill, were immersed up to the neck. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who appeared to have some curiosity to know how the stranger passed his time out of doors.

"I have horses and greyhounds for coursing," said the latter, in reply to the other's question.

"Ah! they are very expensive."

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the year, but they are the best of their kind."

"Have you anything more?"

"Yes, I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox."

"And they cost a great deal, too?"

"A very great deal. And I have birds for shooting."

"I see; birds for hunting Mr. And these cost you the expense, I dare say?"

"You may say that, for they are not common in this country. And then, I sometimes go out alone with my gun, accompanied by a setter and retriever."

"And these are expensive, too?"

"Of course. After all, it is not the animals of themselves that run away with the money—there must be men, you know, to feed and look after them, horses to lodge them in—in short, the whole sporting establishment."

"I see, I see. You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, men—and all for the purpose of killing and shooting. What an enormous expense they must cost you!—Now, what I want to know is this—what return do they pay? What does your year's sporting produce?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are getting rather scarce hereabouts—and we seldom bag less than fifty brace of birds each season."

"Hark!" said the lunatic, looking anxiously around him. "My friend (in an earnest whisper), there is a gale behind you; take my advice and get out of this while you are safe. Don't let the doctor get his eyes upon you. He ducks us to some purpose; but, as sure as you are a living man, he will drown you."

The gentleman looked serious as he passed on. Perhaps he thought that he was as mad as the inmates of the asylum.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.—A good washing fluid may be made of hot water and plenty of soap.

Sweetmeats may be kept a long time by putting them in a safe place, and never setting them upon the table.

A plenty of fresh, sweet butter, and a good appetite, will keep bread from moulding.

Children's dresses wear longer by letting them reach to their ankles.

Woolen rugs should always be washed in sweet oil before they are made into flannel cakes.

Pork should always be salted down—never up.

A regard for decency requires that salad should be dressed before it makes its appearance at the table.

Milk that has stood for some time should be permitted to sit down.

Carpets will prove more durable if you take care not to tread upon them.

A KENTUCKY ANECDOTE.—A gentleman owned a slave, who was a very intelligent fellow, and a Universalist. On one occasion he illustrated the intellectual character of his religion in the following manner:—A certain slave had obtained a license of the Baptists to preach. He was holding forth in the presence of many of his colored brethren at one time, when he undertook to describe the process of Adam's creation. Said he: "When God made Adam, He stooped down, scraped up a little dirt, wet it a little, warm in the hands, and squeeze it in the right shape, and then lean it up against the fence to dry." "Top dere," said our Universalist dorky. "You say dat de de fust men ober made." "Bartain," said the preacher. "Den," said the other, "jes tell a feller whar dat de fust come from?" "Heah!" said the preacher, "two more questions like dat would spile all the theology in de world!"

DON'T STAND THE TEST.—Many proverbs admit of contradiction, as witness the following:—"The more the merrier." Not so; one head is enough in a purse. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so: a ring has none for its reward. "Money is a great comfort." Not when it brings a thief to the gallows. "The world is a long journey." Not so: the sun goes over it every day. "It is a great way to the bottom of the sea." Not so: it is but a stone's cast. "A friend is best found in adversity." Not so: for them there is none to be found. "The price of the rich makes the labor of the poor." Not so: the labor of the poor makes the price of the rich.

THE PAIN WILL BE SPARED.—As the quick sand when moving off a poor fellow's leg to cure him of the rheumatism.



BADLY HIT BY A RECENT BALL.

MAMA.—"Yes, Doctor. She will sit for hours without speaking a word. She persists in wearing the same dress, and won't part with the bouquet!"

DOCTOR.—"Hm—well, let's see—we must first get the ball out of her head, and then perhaps the nervous system may right itself!"

YOU CAN DO IT.—"As a pedestrian tourist," says the Orleansian, "was lately proceeding towards Tours, he was asked by a man who was breaking stones by the roadside how long it would take him to reach that place? The man looked at him without speaking, and then resumed his work. The question was repeated with the same result, and at last the traveller walked on. He had not proceeded more than a hundred yards when the man called after him, and made a sign for him to return. When the pedestrian reached the stone breaker, the latter said to him: 'It will take you an hour to reach Tours.' 'Then why did you not tell me so at first?' said the traveller. 'Why,' replied the man, 'it was necessary for me first to see at what rate you walked; and from the way you step out, I am now able to say, that you can do the distance in an hour.'"

A SAFE PREDICTION.—Uncle Moses Bump was vastly weatherwise. One awfully dry summer, when the parched earth had not been blessed with a shower for six weeks, a neighbor sent his son on errand to Uncle Moses, and strictly enjoined him that before he came away he must get the old man's opinion concerning the probable duration of the drouth. So before leaving him, he told him that his father wished to know what he thought of the weather. Uncle Moses went out, and after a long and careful inspection of the brassy sky, said:—"Well, Stephen, these may tell thy father that if we don't get rain in the course of three or four weeks, we shall have a remarkably dry time."

Agricultural.

FARMING IN FLORIDA.

From "Notes on Florida," by H. T. Williams, in the Country Gentleman, we copy the following statement of what a farmer may do in Florida:—

After the settler has chosen ground for a residence, in January he can plant his early vegetables, and by March and April gather them and send them to market. After this has been done, he can plant his sugar-cane, corn and sweet potatoes, or any other crop. In the fall he can plant his root crop and gather his corn and sugar-cane, and at the end of the year gather his root crops. The profits from the sale of his early vegetables will be several hundred dollars, from his corn and sugar-cane \$600 to \$1,000 more, and from his root crops several hundred more. During all this time his family need not be idle, but if they live where the gherkin grows wild, they can gather and make pickles, which sell for cash in Northern markets, or they can attend to silk, and this, together with the gherkin, will make several hundred more. He can also during this time plant his fruit trees, such as the orange, etc., and also a piece of ground for arrow-root, and within five years he will be receiving a yearly income of several thousand dollars. Any order may be used, but if a person employs his time both summer and winter judiciously, I can guarantee to him a yearly income of over one thousand dollars, and in very many instances several thousand. But suffice it to say that there is no lack of articles to cultivate, in the culture of which much money can be made, and there is plenty of soil suitable for them. The whole year can be employed in the cultivation of profitable crops.

THE WESTERN EDITOR SAYS of a hail storm on the lake in his vicinity, that it came so suddenly that the pilot loaded round to see which one of the passengers was throwing stones at him.

WOMEN FARMERS.

Some time since we copied an article written by Miss Della Roberts, of Pekin, Niagara county, New York, in reply to objections of a correspondent of the Rural New Yorker against women engaging in the out-door labor of the farm. A late number of the same journal contains an account, by Mr. Henry Wright, of a visit to the farm of Marvin Roberts, father of Della, from which we copy the following statement of the large amount of labor performed by a family of girls:

From the middle of April to this time (two months) the following work has been done:—One hundred acres of oats have been put in, which now look very promising; thirty-five acres of flax, and this, at present, bids fair to give a good yield. (There is an establishment for retting flax in successful operation at Lockport, ten miles east.) Ten acres of corn; ten acres of spring wheat; three acres of potatoes; four of parsnips and carrots; six of beans; and all the ploughing, harrowing, sowing, rolling, planting, and cultivating necessary to get these crops in and up to the present state, has been done since the middle of April.

At least one-half of all this labor of getting in these one hundred and seventy acres of crops has been done by the five young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, with the help of two hired girls. The eldest of these seven girls is twenty-one, and the youngest twelve years. Meantime, the house-work has been done, mainly, by these girls by turns. They consider it a privilege to work out-doors at ploughing, and harrowing, and putting in, and tending the crops, rather than work in the house. These crops are to be tended and harvested, together with forty acres of hay; and these girls are expected to do at least one-half of the work.

Besides all this, one hundred and seventy-five acres are to be ploughed this fall, for next year's crops, instead of ploughing in the spring, as they have formerly done; the largest share of this to be done by these young girls. It is a matter of choice in these Yankee girls—for Yankee girls they are, by parentage—thus to work on the farm, rather than in factories or at sewing.

HOW TO SHARPEN A SCYTHE.

"Mower" writes to the American Agriculturist:—To properly grind and wet a scythe requires some little practical skill, in the attainment of which the beginner may be assisted by a few hints. The cutting edge of a scythe or similar instrument, when examined by a microscope, shows numerous fine projecting points or a series of minute wedges which are to be driven into the substance operated on, to separate the adjoining parts. In order that they may enter the more readily, these points should incline in the direction of the stroke given with the blade of the instrument. In cutting with the scythe the edge strikes the grass at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and hence the grinding should be done so as to have the points set to that direction to the blade. This is done by keeping the blade firmly upon the stone, with the point drawn toward the body of the holder, at the above mentioned angle with the edge of the stone. Commence to grind at the heel and move it steadily along as the work progresses, until the point is reached, then grind the other side in the same manner.

Never rub the scythe back and forth upon the stone, as though endeavoring to wet it. The revolution of the stone will wear away the steel much better than rubbing it in this manner, by which the edge is likely to be

made rounding, and to be set irregularly. It is preferable to hold the scythe so that the stone will revolve toward the edge. In this way the holder can see when the edge is reached, and the particles ground off are carried away clean. In the opposite method of grinding there is danger of making a "feather" edge which will readily crumble off, and leave the scythe almost or quite as dull as before. The blade should be ground equally, on both sides. In wetting a scythe, lay the rifle or whetstone flat against the side of the blade, and give a light, quick stroke downward and forward in the direction of the edge, so that the scratches it makes shall keep the points set in the same direction as given them by grinding. By following these simple suggestions a scythe may be made to hold its edge twice as long as when the rifle is drawn along the edge almost at random. A few strokes carefully given will enable the workmen to keep the right direction and wet rapidly.

CLEAN OUT poultry houses, and sprinkle plaster or charcoal dust in the building, to prevent offensive odors during the warm weather.

THE FADING PHOTOGRAPH.

It was glossy and brown, and clear and bright, Oh, her large deep eyes and her queenly brow, Her torrent of curls, and her proud, proud lip, They were true to the life.—I can see them now.

Those great dark eyes were my magnet stars; There was the lip so sweet and red; There was the brow, broad, white and pure; And that was the way that she hung her head.

Ten years ago, and now, like our love, It has faded, as snow in the latter spring; Through a dreamy cloud I still see her face, But day by day, it is vanishing.

Alas! it was bleached by the cruel sun, Blurred and spotted, and pale and faint, Till it looks like the ghost of our bygone love, Or the phantom face of some dying saint.

'Tis strange that love, that is God's own gift, Should fade away like the summer rose, And this poor frail thing be left as a type Of that flower of the heart that should never close.

YOUR LIKENESS.

Some children went into a saloon with their father to have their photographs taken. The two little girls had theirs, and George's turn came next. The man told him where to stand, how to place his hands, and which way to look; to hold up his head, fix his eye on a certain point, and keep still. His cap had fallen on the floor, and at the very moment his picture was being taken, his little sister stepped forward to pick it up, when George gave her a kick, and such a look! Well, that look was taken; and the likenesses were all put up in little cases, and sent home.

"This my George!" exclaimed his mother, on examining the pictures, and coming to his. "Horrid!" cried his eldest brother, "horrid!" "Whose cross, scowling face is that?" asked Uncle Ned, when the pictures were shown to him. "What young savage is this?" asked Aunt Emily, when they were shown to her. As you may suppose, George was terribly ashamed of his picture; he was so mortified at having it seen with the rest, that he did not know what to do. A more disagreeable picture, perhaps, you never saw; and the worst of it was, there was no mistake about its being a true copy. The

man does not make mistakes. And then to have it always kept and shown as his!

Reader, did you ever think, that the world is God's great daguerotype saloon, where we are all having our likenesses taken for eternity? And it is not only our looks and attitudes which will be taken, but all our thoughts and feelings will show in the picture. Anger, envy, selfishness, jealousy, unkindness, will all be faithfully and indelibly put down there by One who never covers up or flatters, but takes us exactly as we are. We can not seem better or more beautiful to His eye than we really are. When we are tempted to do wrong, or to give way to angry feelings, let us stop and ask, "How will this look in that picture of me which is to last forever?"

I am afraid if we should see faithful pictures of ourselves sometimes, the sight would often fill us with surprise and shame, as it did poor George. Remember, then, that every day you live, your likeness is being taken for eternity. Every morning when you rise from your bed, stop and think, "I am having a likeness taken to-day which is to last forever, and I must try to have it a good likeness."

THE FEMALE FEVERETT.—The more a woman is in love with a man, the more cheat she gives him.

Even those who smoke and drink at the expense of others do so still more at their own.

Useful Receipts.

To Preserve Fruit Without Self-Sealing Cans.

Prepare a cement of one ounce resin, one ounce gum-shellac, and a cubic inch of bees-wax; put them in a tin cup and melt slowly—too high or quick heat may cause it to scorch. Place the jars where they will become warm while the fruit is cooking. If they are gradually heated there is no danger of breaking.

As soon as the fruit is thoroughly heated, and while boiling hot, fill the jars full, let the juice cover the fruit entirely. Have ready some circular pieces of stout, thick cotton or linen cloth, and spread over with cement a space sufficient to cover the mouth and rim of the jar. Wipe the rim perfectly dry, and apply the cloth while warm, putting the cement side down, bring the cover over the rim and secure it firmly with a string; then spread a coating of cement over the upper surface. As the contents of the jar cool, the pressure of the air will depress the cover, and give most positive proof that all is safe.

The cheapest as well as the most suitable jars for this use (quart size) cost \$1.50 per dozen. Queen's or yellow ware has imperfect glazing, and the moisture is forced through the sides of the jar. Self-sealing cans that have failed can be pressed into service; stone jars, common bottles, tin cans, and various vessels that every housekeeper has on hand can be made to answer; only be sure that the fruit is boiling hot, and the cover is properly adjusted.

Many think that sugar is essential to enable the fruit to keep. This is not so. "Berries and peaches" are better put up without it. Sugar straw over them an hour before eating, gives them more the flavor of fresh fruit. Cook only sufficient to fill two jars at once, to avoid crushing tender berries. Pears and quinces are best cooked in water till tender, putting in as many as will cover the top of the water at one time; when clear and tender take them out, and to the water add sugar to taste; as soon as boiling hot put in the fruit, and when it is penetrated with syrup, put it in jars, and fill it up with syrup boiling hot. Seal as directed. Applies the same way, or cooked in water only, and secured. Let them be in quarters, for, if mashed, the pulp will hold so many air-bubbles it will not keep.

GRAPES. Paup and cook till the pulps are melted; strain out the seeds; put in the skins, and when well cooked, add sugar to taste. When the syrup is sufficiently thick, seal.

CHERRIES AND PLUMS are put in with or without pits, as one chooses.

TOMATOES are cooked till all the lumps are dissolved, and the mass quite thick.

SWEETMEATS of any kind, secured in this way, will keep for years. If required for transportation, perhaps it would be well to use close fitting corks, cut off even with the cemented cloth, otherwise corks are not necessary.

VEGETABLES. Squash is steamed in pieces. Cauliflower cooked as for the table; fill jars while the articles are hot, and fill up with boiling water; let the jars remain in a kettle of boiling water for a while to expel any air that that may have lodged while filling. When no air escapes, seal up with jars in the kettle, when cool remove them.

GREEN PEAS AND GREEN CORN seem to possess a fermenting principle, which is not destroyed by a degree of heat sufficient to secure them apparently as well as fruit. To keep them, I have tried various methods; all fail except drying or putting in salt. By this method of self-sealing, provision can be made in years of plenty for those times when fruit fails, and with less labor and a certainty of success than no other method possesses.—Lady's Book.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 30 letters.

My 11, 5, 6, 3, 26, is a river in Africa.
My 26, 7, 14, 18, 2, 9, is a river in England.
My 13, 21, 22, 9, is a river in Scotland.
My 22, 7, 24, 4, 11, 17, 4, is a river in Ireland.

My 19, 8, 12, 19, 10, is a river in the United States.
My 15, 16, 14, 8, 6, 2, is a river in Asia.
My 13, 27, 10, 2, 2, is a river in Central Europe.

My 1, 24, 6, 28, 28, is a river in Portugal.
My 9, 2, 6, 11, 2, is a river in France.
My 13, 16, 17, 25, 20, is a river in the Chinese Empire.

My 13, 8, 26, 20, 2, is a river in Central Europe.
My 14, 4, 17, 2, 4, 6, 15, 18, is a river in South America.

My 15, 16, 9, 23, 18, 25, 25, is a river in the United States.
My 23, 21, 4, 2, is a river in England.
My 20, 18, 21, 11, 2, is a river in Ireland.

My 9, 8, 19, 24, 16, 21, 22, is a river in the United States.
My whole is the title of a very interesting book and the name of the author.

West Chester. R. H. WALTER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 13 letters.

My 1, 2, 4, is a domestic animal.
My 2, 9, 5, 11, signifies to beat.
My 4, 13, 10, 11, is better than good.

My 7, 2, 6, is a vehicle.
My 8, 12, 13, is a personal pronoun.
My 13, 12, 10, 11, is welcome to the weary.

My 11, 9, 10, 4, is a great trial.
My whole is the name of one of the contributors to the Saturday Evening Post.
Philadelphia. WILLIAM T. TOTTER.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 30 letters.

My 6, 10, 16, 23, is part of a vessel.
My 20, 13, 1, 20, 25, is another.

My 9, 26, 5, 24, 27, 4, 17, is a deadly poison.
My 15, 23, 14, is a German title of honor.

My 23, 15, 8, 2, 19, 20, is a good reflector.
My 22, 21, 20, 10, 7, surrounds Harrisburg.
My 8, 11, is an exclamation.

My 12, 11, is also an exclamation.
My whole is an inventor.
New York. Q in a corner.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My 1st in present, but not in past.

My 2nd is in first, but not in last.
My 3rd is in come, but not in go.

My 4th is in ball, but not in snow.
My 5th is in lamb, but not in sheep.

My 6th is in lose, but not in keep.
My 7th is in land, but not in lake.

My 8th is in spade, but not in rake.
My whole is not physis, but it is "hard to take."

Tulsa Co., Md. AMBIDEXTER.

ANAGRAMS ON ANIMALS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Cord o' heel.

I part. "O' rich snore!"
Mary D. Rode. "The bees' tar!"

Namo dicto. "O' Ha! stop a plimp!"
Laden. "Yes! a bass."

"No go." "Pet Helen."
I am lam' a lord! "Linch-lin!"

Ay! lung! "Hou-trap."
Rein me! "Small A."

Saw col. Capt. L. B. CHESTER.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. There is a tract of land lying in the shape of a trapezium, which measures from the first to the second corner, 328 perches; from the second to the third corner, 400 perches; from the third to the fourth corner, 300 perches; from the fourth to the first corner, 260 perches; and the diagonal from the first to the third corner measures 315 perches. Somewhere within the compass of this tract there is a large and old tree, from which, if lines be drawn to the four corners of the tract, it will be divided by them into four equal parts. Required—the distance of the tree from each corner of the tract?

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

AN ANSWER IS REQUESTED.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHY does being under a stone make the most stupid fellow a bit of a wit?—Because then he has an arch way down him.

WHAT is the difference between a policeman and a policeman?—Ans.—One is always on the beat and the other always off.

WHY is a ploughed field like a football game?—Ans.—Because it is part ridge.

WHY is an elephant unlike a tree?—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and an elephant leaves when the manager gets in (Oh!)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Our rights we prize, and our rights we will maintain."—The Whiskey Insurrection.

CHARADE.—Scorer, corner, cork, cork, cork, cork. **ENIGMA.**—Highway. **CHARADE.**—Scorer.